



Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Oct. 25, 1888.

TERMS OF THE MAINE FARMER.

\$25 IN ADVANCE; OR \$40 IF NOT PAID WHEN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF SUBSCRIPTION.

—All payments made by subscribers will be credited to their account.

The printed bill, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and the date when his bill is due for payment, and money remitted by him.

—A subscriber desiring to change his name or address, or to change his bill of payment, must enclose to us the name of the office to which he has previously been sent, otherwise we shall be unable to change with him his bill of payment.

—Punitive fine to all subscribers.

Advertisers' Notices.

Friend J. H. Pratt will call upon our subscribers to call upon him.

M. L. Loring of Brunswick, our cashier, reports to the office to call upon him.

Friend J. H. Pratt will call upon our subscribers in Androscoggin county during October.

Friend J. H. Pratt will call upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.

The fisherman on the coast are having better fares. About 200,000 pounds of cod, haddock, and mackerel were landed in Portland, Saturday.

We are informed by our agents in New York that the American ships received in New York state that Americans are lower in Liverpool, in consequence of heavy arrivals. The markets are over-crowded.

A word from our old friend and esteemed correspondent, Steward Dill, Esq., in California, assures us that he is enjoying improved health. When he made the trip it had to have a physician to accompany him, he was so feeble.

The Penobscot made collective exhibits at the Penobscot county fair at Orrington, and the same day was a good fair.

It makes the Grand to push such masters through.

There is a power in unity.

This is put down as the latest update in connection with a sharper, and our farmer friends are cautioned to look out for the rascals. The farmer objects to giving his note and having it discounted for cash.

The short story says, "Oh, we'll keep the note, and when we get paid, we'll transfer it." In a short time it is found in the hands of another party, with an "added" to the "note," which makes it read, "Non-transferable."

The idea of leaving cards at the graves of distinguished persons appears fast to be becoming a general usage of the grave-robbers of dead citizens.

The "Non-transferable" note, which is to follow in Westminster Abbey is surrounded with these bits of cardboard. A Boston paper well says that nothing but vanity and lack of taste could prompt so idiotic a custom, and it is probably followed by persons who act upon the rule, if you can't show it, don't use it.

Bears are devouring many sheep near Lake Champlain, at a point about eight miles from Bangor, and no less than eleven have been killed in the last week. Eight belonged to Mr. Lawrence Conines, three to Mr. David Watson, and one to Mr. Frank P. Palmer. The latter has a large collection of bears, where the bears have carried them before devoring the animals, and the pelts have been found cut off almost as cleanly as could be done by a butcher.

The next Legislature will be asked to pass a law giving a bounty for killing crows.

By the failure of the last legislature to do this, we have lost the law, and in the last two years \$20,000 by the depredations of those "peaky varmints."

Is there any other remedy, except slaugher? Listen to this a copy of a correspondent:

Don't kill the crows, the noisy crows.

"Two would make all the noise places, and we would have all the noise places, and we would have all the noise places."

With true, they'll kill a little corn.

But true, you're before you plant; and true, you're before you plant; and true, you're before you plant;

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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

Mephi.

The Lord is watching over us, and loves us; He keeps all our steps, not one is broken; He covers our ears, and loves us; With a fond love, and a kind, unshaken, Along the pathway of our life His streams flow, and many a kindly favor; With a smile, and a look, and a smile, Without His love's grace we never; With one and kind heart we are never; His power over us is strong, and never; And thus 'twill ever be while life shall last; With a smile, and a look, and a smile, We trust in that power we safely rest; So let us joy in the Lord, let us watch, And have us ever in his gracious keeping, Great is the love of the Lord; When in the silent dust our forms are sleeping.

REGINA M. WHEELER.

Our Story Teller.

For the Maine Farmer.

REGINA VERSUS ROLLO.

[CONCLUDED FROM LAST WEEK.]

H. P. E.

When Regina had accomplished her necessary task at the "Spectator" office, she would walk home, for she had to buy a drug store across the way, as designated by Withy. Then, with a heart full of love and a smile on her face, she would go to her own country home. Here she found Glorio packing up the dishes and the kitchen utensils for the day's supper. Perhaps it was because while she cared little for another's anger, she yet had a sort of fear of her own. The malignant elements of her nature were now concentrated upon Goro, leaving her good will for the rest of the world. But the girl did not know the unusual phenomenon of a soft answer from her sister's master, and, as she had no mind to grieve him, she said, "Forget my hard words, Henry," he said. "Forget my anger, and the love that made me unreasonable, I suppose. But, he added hesitatingly, "what has come over you?"

"Over me—why?" and she smiled such a smile as was very uncommon with her—a honest smile.

"Why, well, I don't know; you seem to be unusually good, to-night."

"Our love for the heavenly charity will last long. You'll deliver me another lecture before you go to bed—so I'll go to bed."

She tripped gaily about her work, and Goro walked away from a front room, where he had heard Regina's clear soprano dancing through a camping song she had learned the summer before.

"I'm going to have a review for the fun of it!"

"Goro, hallohallo!"

"We're armfuls of fresh, delicious dried—Goro, hallohallo!"

"Sheet, sheet, sheet—Goro, hallohallo!"

"Goro, hallohallo!"

Goro, honest soul, real thought his sister had been a victim of overreaching, and was shouting over a good prospect of destroying Satan's reign with the help of his brother—sister—unlucky Withy, call down the forces of Rollo! So when the brother, with the best intentions in the world, came and plucked her from the camp, she said sympathetically, "Jenny, dear, do tell me about it; let me share your happiness," her answer was a simple "No."

"No, go, Goro! I'm only holding for the fun of it!"

"Goro, hallohallo!"

Goro was completely non-plussed by new fresh, and when he was overjoyed his sensitive soul was shocked by the incomprehensibility of the plot employed by her musical power.

"How could he be so foolishly 'howling for fun,' yet certain it is that he was puzzled to a yet greater degree to account for the mystery of the former singer who she so flatly repudiated? There was a sort of a look of despair in the eyes of hopeless perplexity with which Goro's eyes followed his sister during the supper hour. But, as the time went on, he at last took a light and started for his room, wonder still lingered in his last glances, and he was still in a state of good-night, as he went up to bed, sorely disturbed over the incomprehensible nature of that which he had seen, and not least of discernment, but he was a good fellow!"

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